DIDN'T FOLLOW HER TEACHINGS

Mary MacLane Has a Sister Who Believes in Marriage Ceremony.

AFTER BRIEF ENGAGEMENT

She Becomes the Wife of a Young Newspaper Man.

New York, Nov. 8.—The New York World says:

When a man and woman love one another, that is enough. That is marriage. A righteous rite is superfluous. And if the man and woman live together without the love, the ceremony in the world can make it marriage.

"I shall never make use of the marriage ceremony. I hereby register a vow, Devil, to that effect."

This is what Mary MacLane, of Butte, Mon., put in "The Story of Mary MacLane" about marriage.

But though she breathed forth this defying message to a rather married world her sweeping reform failed to begin at home—for last week her sister, Dorothy MacLane, went quietly to a clergyman and was married to Louis M. Thayer, of Butte.

But Miss Dorothy did the best she could to mitigate the circumstance and achieve her sister's ideals, inasmuch as she had known her husband for two days only, and was at the time engaged to another man. These circumstances ought to advance her authoress-sister for the glaring conventionality of which a member of her family has been guilty.

There is, according to Mary MacLane in her book, one thing only to account for the marriage of her sister. That a MacLane should marry at all she will doubtless trace to the source of all the other defects in her family—that she (Mary) alone, of all its members, is Highland Scotch.

"I am," she wrote, peculiarly of the MacLane blood, which is Highland Scotch. My sister and brothers inherit the traits of their mother's family, which of Scotch Lowland descent.

"There is absolutely no sympathy between my family and me. There can never be. In short, they are Lowland Scotch, and I am a MacLane."

So she is of the Lowland Scotch MacLanes—Dorothy, who is older than her somewhat famous sister—disdained the Highland way of doing, and went away and was married. But the love story, of which her sister's book-philosophy would probably disapprove, is a romantic one, for all that.

Dorothy MacLane, according to the account of her given by Mary to the people in her mysterious east is, Lowland or not, the beauty of the MacLane family.

"She is not so well set up as I," said Mary MacLane modestly, "and she has not my beautiful hair. But she is sweet—sweet—sweet! She is pretty. She wears a red crepe dress. When she goes down the street in her red crepe dress every one looks at her. It is not at the dress they look at—though it is prettier than most of mine—but they look at Dorothy. She is pretty in red crepe. I saw a girl one day who looked like Dorothy, so I talked with her."

In the days when Mary MacLane was nineteen years old and was writing the story of herself, she said her sister Dorothy, in spite of her prettiness, was nothing to her.

"They are with me still," she wrote, "a mother, a sister and two brothers.

"They also are nothing to me.

"They do not understand me any more than if I were some strange live curiosity, as which I dare say they regard me.

"Between them and me there is no tenderness, no sympathy, no binding ties. Would it affect me in the least, do you suppose, if they should all die tomorrow?"

As time went on however, out there on the Butte sand and Barrenness Mary MacLane and her sister drew somewhat nearer to gether, or it may be that after Miss MacLane got in the mysterious east she found that she and her sister were nearer to each other than she had known, just as the sand and barrenness became dear the day she left them.

At all events in Boston after she had met and talked with a young woman, she suddenly remarked: "I should like to talk you over with my sister tonight.

"Always at night," she went on, "my sister and I go up to our little box of a room. We have a little sitting-room together, which is a little box of a room. There we lay down our hair and talk about the people that have been good to us and bad to us.

"I know first what we would say about you.

"My sister would let down her hair and look at me and smile and say: 'Oh, my!'

"And I would let down my hair and look at my sister and smile back and say 'Oh, my!'

"I can hear us now, talking about you."

So it was evident that there was established a certain common ground between the Highland Scotch and the Lowland members of the MacLane family of Butte. But for all that the doctrines concerning the marriage relation promulgated by Mary MacLane found no echo in the heart of her older sister. And so while Mary MacLane is in the mysterious east Dorothy has become that which her sister so scorned—a wife. She has become one of the "abominable creatures" whom Mary MacLane's "story" talks about like this:

"People are abominable creatures.

"Under each roof live a man and a woman, joined together by that very slender thread, the marriage ceremony—and their children.

"How many of the wives each other? No two in a hundred, I warrant. The marriage ceremony is their one miserable petty, paltry excuse for living together.

"This marriage rite, it appears, is often used as a cloak to cover a world of rather shameful things."

Miss Dorothy MacLane was until last week employed as assistant in the Butte Public Library. Lately a member of the staff of the Inter-Mountain, a Butte evening paper, drew a book from the library and did not return it. She was there about four minutes. When the door closed upon her a tall and very determined looking youth got up from one of the desks and walked to the city editor.

"Who is that girl, sir?" he demanded.

"That is the sister of Mary MacLane," the city editor answered.

"She is the stunningest girl I ever saw," said the young reporter to his astonished self. "How can I meet her?"

"Why, I'll fix that for you," volunteered the city editor.

On that very night Louis M. Thayer, who was the determined youth reporter, went up to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Klenze, the mother and stepfather of Dorothy and Mary MacLane. Young Thayer had an assignment to ask many useless questions about Mary MacLane, and it was Dorothy, who is "sweet—sweet—sweet!" who answered them. What she said nobody knows, least of all Louis M. Thayer. His assignment was forgotten. He stayed two hours.

That happened on Thursday. On Friday they drove together and met once besides. At 1 o'clock on Saturday Miss MacLane left her work in the library, asking to be excused for a little while. About the same time Thayer left his desk in the Inter-Mountain.

The two met a few minutes later at a place appointed, and in their working dress they walked to the rectory of the Episcopal church, where they were united in marriage by the Rev. C. S. Blackinston. The rector's two daughters were witnesses.

Then they walked up the main street of Butte and went to the office of the Inter-Mountain, where the happy young bridegroom's associates were introduced to Mrs. Thayer.

It was late in the afternoon before Mr. and Mrs. Thayer went to the home of Mrs. Klenze to break the news to her. It was a shock to the mother, from which she has not yet recovered.

"When Mrs. Thayer and Dorothy came to the house I greeted Dorothy and she said she was not going back to the library," said Mrs. Klenze in telling of the way of the news of the marriage was broken to her. "I thought she was fooling and I laughed at her, but she said, 'No, I am not; I am married.'"

Mrs. Klenze flew into hysterics and it was several minutes before she could be calmed sufficiently to listen to the rest of the story.

"I was very much shocked and disappointed," she said to the Sunday World correspondent. "Why, we had only known the man two days and he had been at the house only three times. I do not like him, and I told Dorothy so, but it seems that she did, and against my wishes she married a man of whom she knows absolutely nothing. I am afraid it will be a case of the old story, married in haste to repent at leisure. This marriage has been a great disappointment to me. I had hoped to marry my daughter to some man with money and told her I would pick out a rich man for her.

Mrs. Klenze a short time ago had a strange dream about Dorothy and she believes it was a warning which was not heeded.

"I dreamed that two men were courting Dorothy and that she had married one of them, but the marriage proved unhappy. I told Dorothy of my dream and the next day Mr. Thayer called to take her out driving.

"While he was waiting for her another young man, who had been paying attention to her, called and the two men were in the parlor together. I called Dorothy and said: 'There are the two men of my dream; look out and don't let anything happen; be careful.' She laughed at me and left the house with Mr. Thayer. Now they are married."

And this is the strange part that interests Butte: Far down in the mines in the interior of Mexico is a sturdy young fellow, a friend of the Klenze family and a lad of good prospects who—unless the news has by this time crossed the frontier—still cheerfully believes himself the affianced lover of Mrs. Louis M. Thayer.

Curiously enough—for not much has been left out of "The Story of Mary MacLane"—curiously enough, she does not betray, among other things, what she thinks of being betrothed to one man and marrying another when you are Lowland Scotch.

At all events the sister's love story is far from that romantic moment which Mary MacLane has prophesied for herself in her book.

Could anything more be unlike the coming of the reporter of the Inter-Mountain to the MacLane home than that lurid picture of Devil-courtship which the "little MacLane" dreamed out as her own ideal betrothal?

"I fancied * * * the fascinating man devil was seated near in a frail willow chair. * * * He leaned back in the frail willow chair and looked at me.

"'And now I am here, Mary MacLane,' he said, 'what would you?'

"'I want you to marry me,' I replied at once. * * * *

"'I am flattered,' said the Devil, 'but you must know it is not my custom to marry women.'

"'I am sure it is not,' I agreed, 'and I do not ask to be particularly favored; anything you give me, however little, will constitute marriage for me.'

"'And would marriage itself be so small a thing?' asked the Devil.

"'Marriage,' I said, 'would be a great, oh, a wonderful thing, and the most beautiful of all. * * * I want you to marry me,' I added despairingly.

"'But you think,' he inquired, 'that it would be a suitable marriage?'

"'A scullible marriage!' I exclaimed. 'I hate a suitable marriage! No, it would not be suitable. It would be loathesian, outlandish, abominable.' The Devil smiled.

"'If I were to marry you?' he asked, 'how long would you be happy?'

"'For three days,' I answered.

"'You are wise. Your looks is good logic. I could kill your soul into Paradise,' said the Devil.

"I answered 'Yes' without emotion."

When Mary MacLane came to New York from Boston she wore a broad silver ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"The man I love," she said, "came on from Butte yesterday, and we were married, and he has gone home."

"Were you married by a clergyman?" she was asked.

"Yes" she answered. "Oh, I always knew I should be in spite of everything."

When she had been in New York a little time she took off the ring.

"I think I was not married after all," she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis M. Thayer, having managed their love affair out of all accordance with Mary MacLane's approved scheme, are on their wedding journey. When they return they will make their home temporarily with Mrs. Klenze.

Cuban Presented to Root.

Washington, Nov. 7.—Minister Quesada today presented Senor Montoguido, of the Cuban senate, to Secretary Root. The call was brief, but there was some discussion about the instruction which one of the artillery officers of the United States army is giving to Cuban officers.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 7.—The Grand Opera house, one of Nashville's leading play houses, is on fire and will probably be a total loss.

GREAT SILENCE THE PENALTY

Which the Assassin of the Austrian Empress Pays.

HIS OWN VOICE RAISED

For Fear That He May Forget the Faculty of Speech.

New York, Nov. 8.—The New York World says:

Surely the fate meted out to Luccheni, the assassin of the Empress of Austria, has proved far more terrible than the death punishment that has heretofore ended the careers of the murderers of rulers. He knows that his mind is breaking down—that he is slowly becoming a madman.

He is dragging out an existence that long since became unbearable to him in the gray, gloomy prison of Geneva. He has not even the power to kill himself, as he would have done before this if opportunity had been given to him.

He may not even talk, rail at government, law, order, society, anything. He may not even send forth to the world his defiance of power that placed him where he is. That is a frightful punishment for a man of his stripe.

When a fanatic's ill-balanced brain drives him to the point where he is anxious to commit murder for anarchy's sake and the attention that it will attract to himself, he plans the successive scenes of the drama in which he will stand in the limelight. He realizes that he will be caught, tried and sentenced to death. In his own mind his execution is the grand climax and he gloats over his farewell-to-life speeches. He dreams of the years to come when men like himself will describe his death and repeat his last words.

At least this has been true of all the predecessors of Luccheni, and the whole manner of the Geneva assassin up to the time that he was sentenced indicated that he was like all the others.

Possibly he was more despicable than the other slayers of rulers, for, it will be remembered, he went to Geneva to kill the Duke of Orleans. When he failed to find him he was possessed of the notion that he must kill someone and he thought of King Humbert. But he did not have money enough to pay his fare to Rome. It happened that the Empress of Austria was in Geneva and so Luccheni selected a woman for his victim. He stabbed her with a file that had been fashioned into a stiletto as she was going to the lake for a sail on September 10, 1898.

Luccheni tried to escape, just to add further excitement to his deed. When he was arrested he proclaimed his love for anarchy and his exultation in the murder he had committed. And that was about the last opportunity that Luigi Luccheni, the foundling who does not know his real name nor anything about his parents, had to talk for the benefit of his bloody brotherhood. Little chance was given to him to air his sentiments at his trial. Just one month from the time he committed the murder he was sentenced to life imprisonment, and there is no appeal or pardon.

He had expected to be executed. He had planned a leave-taking in keeping with his murder of a woman who had never harmed him in the slightest way and whom he had killed to gain notoriety. Instead he was thrown into a cell and cut off from communication from the world. He literally has been buried alive.

During the first six months of his imprisonment Luccheni saw no one save the jailer who thrust his food through an opening in his cell. He was not permitted to speak to his guard, who appeared once a day. He had nothing to read, nothing with which to write. He lived in absolute silence and with nothing to occupy his save his own thoughts. He could not know what the world said of him, and that was the greatest punishment of all. He did not know whether the red-handed brotherhood glorified him or whether he was utterly forgotten.

He raged over the refusal of the prison authorities to pay the slightest attention to his request for newspapers. It was worse to Luccheni than a thousand deaths this complete oblivion.

The world did speedily forget him, and the consciousness of this came to Luccheni after a time. He became more amenable to prison rules and, after six months of absolute isolation, during which time he was never permitted to leave his cell the rigors of his punishment were somewhat relaxed.

He was permitted to take an hour's exercise in the corridor, but it was impressed upon him that if he spoke to any one this privilege would be taken from him. Also he was give nthe blessing of work.

The creature who murdered an Empress to gain notoriety and who planned a spectacular death gladly accepted the opportunity of making shoes in the Geneva prison. But he was still compelled to be silent. Neither the other prisoners with whom he sometimes came in contact nor his keepers were permitted to talk with him. He was directed by signs. For a time it looked as if Luccheni would develop natural and normal instincts. He asked for a chaplain and listened greedily to the good man's words. Luccheni even expressed sorrow for his deed and the chaplain was joyously hopeful of bringing a bloody sinner to real repentance.

His reform was short-lived. As soon as he became convinced that he would gain nothing by it he speedily relapsed into his old sullen hatred. The mere fact that his fellow prisoners paid not the slightest attention to him—acted, indeed, as if the assassin of an Empress were a creature worth not even the glance of curiosity—preyed upon his miserable soul. Luccheni began to disobey the prison rules, all was given some consideration, for the administrations of Swiss prisons is more humane than in most countries.

But when the assassin's infractions became more serious he was again sent into solitary confinement. For a time he was permitted to take one book a month from his prison library—a library of moral homiletics—but when he was again cut off from the rest of the prison even this solace was denied him.

So, now, during the long hours of the day and of the night, he is alone, and he hears the sound of no voice save his own, when he lifts it in the fear that speech may be forgotten. Yet he is ever conscious that he is watched, though he cannot see the eye that observes him. More than once, in wild desperation, he has sought to beat out his brains against the wall. In a flash the guards are upon him and he is placed in a straightjacket.

Even the chaplain and the prison doctor keep away from him, and the silence of his living tomb is broken only by himself.

The result is the inevitable one. Luccheni's mind is breaking down. It is only a question of a little time when he will be a raving maniac.

UNJUST JUDGE IN SOUTH

Imprisons an Editor for Publishing a Trial.

New Orleans has an editor on its hands. It is paying his board in jail. His crime consisted in printing a report of a public trial of a murder case. The judge announced that he supposed his own ruling would be overruled, after the usual fashion; hence, the trial under him having than pronounced a farce, the criminal would have another shy at the law. In view of this probability, the judge forebade the papers to say anything about the first trial, because some dunderhead might read it and form an opinion, and men with opinions are disqualified from sitting in juries. Of course, the same dunderhead might have been sitting on one of the back benches in the court room during the proceedings, but that had not occurred to the judge.

Trials are public in this country. It is not safe that they should be otherwise. Chicanery of attorneys, bribery of judges and juries falsities of witnesses are held in check by that very openness. It is too late to reopen the star chamber. And it is also too late to suppose that the men capable of serving on a jury are those who never read and never form opinions. The more a man reads the more hospitable his mind becomes, and the impression created by the reading of a legal case is never so deep that it cannot be altered by hearing testimony in the courts. The chumps in Long Island City who could not agree on a verdict in the case of the negro who ran amuck and shot several men, blinding an officer and openly defying the law, may be the kind that lawyers would prefer as jurymen, but they are not wanted by the public.

Worst of all features of the New Orleans is the arbitrary exhibit of power by the judge. The editor is imprisoned, not after trial by his fellows, but on the order of a man who is judge and jury both. If in view of the latter there is to be no longer any publicity in our trials, any freedom of speech concerning the actions of court, then the sooner we revise court practice and limit judicial authority the better for all concerned. As courts are at present conducted they are as apt to be the agents of injustice against society as otherwise. They are certainly that in New Orleans. It is for the welfare of New Orleans that it should have more editors than judges. Freedom of the press is a constitutional privilege.